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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi oras moriturus.

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Authorship.

BY ELIOT RYDER.

It is a fact well known to all, that a lecture, or a discourse of any kind, is maintained upon two principles—fact and opinion. In treating upon the subject, "Authorship as a means of getting a living," such facts as I may give utterance to will be easily discerned, and, as facts, will be accepted, as a matter of course. But the opinions advanced will be my own; and I ask of you, gentlemen, that you will make no haste to accept them, nor to reject them, but weigh them carefully, and profit by them in so far as they commend themselves to your judgment.

The first question for consideration is: "Do I possess the capacity to become an author?" To this question, when asked, I invariably return an affirmative answer. I have no patience with the young man who says: "I would like to write, but I cannot." I have always maintained that more than two-thirds of all that is written is nothing more than a skilful jugglery of words. Nine out of ten writers use words just as a mason uses bricks; the author builds, or composes, a structure of words, a lecture, a history, a cyclopædia; words, or language, are his building material, and if he be expert in putting them together in pleasing and ingenious forms, the world bows down to him, and calls him a great author: But this is a mistake, and a serious one. Such authors are not great. They are simply successful artisans in a business which is just as much a trade as the following of the mason, the carpenter, or the blacksmith.

Your truly great author is he who creates and constructs; the majority of writers simply construct. Emerson is a great writer. He creates; he gives the world original thoughts from his own mind, and constructs them into page after page of the most flowing and beautiful English. William H. Prescott, the historian, has given us some exceedingly valuable contributions to history: he has gathered materials from a myriad sources, and worked them together with consummate skill. But he originated nothing. Though his richly-wrought pages glitter with all imaginable lustre, they are still nothing but illustrations of what may be made of our language in the hands of a skilful juggler; in short, they are constructions, not creations.

It is probable that each one of you has, at some time, heard the adage applied:—"Poets are born, not made." Bayard Taylor was fond of amending it to read:—"Poets are born *and* made." I differ with Mr. Taylor. You can make a versifier, certainly; and, by dint of faithful labor and study, this versifier may become more than an ordi-

nary constructor of verses. But a poet—never. So with authorship, in all its various forms. You may give any intelligent man a dictionary, and say to him: "There is the English language; take it, and write me a book." And he may choose a subject, and write for you a very passable volume. But this man will never become a thinker. Your thinker is not bidden to his work. He is born a thinker; thoughts crowd thick and fast into the chambers of his mind, and without pausing to reason why, he commits them, first to paper, then to the public prints. Men have been apprenticed to journalism; but no man was ever apprenticed to true authorship. The greatest minds of this country,—and, for that matter, of any other country—have begun their work before they were twenty. Bryant wrote his "Thanatopsis" at eighteen; Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, and Whittier, while yet but mere boys, produced poems which they are still glad to include in their volumes. Curran, the great Irish orator, and Henry Clay of our own country, began their efforts at oratory at early ages, and quickly astounded their fellows, not by bombast, not by fustian, not by graceful or forcible delivery of the words or arguments of others, but by earnestly, sincerely, and untiringly, advocating thoughts of their own. These men were thinkers.

But let the young man who is not a deep thinker console himself with the knowledge that he still possesses the ability, if he will properly educate and train himself, to become a successful writer. I use the word, "successful," strictly in its American sense; in this country the word "success" is synonymous with the word "money." The æsthetic in art and literature is simply a stylish hobby, which no one thinks of riding, until he has amassed a fortune amounting to millions. Then, like Vanderbilt, he may go abroad and purchase rare works of art, which he has neither the brains nor the education to appreciate, and which he purchases simply because it is stylish to spend his money in that way. It should bring a blush of shame to the face of every young man when he considers how depraved is the literary taste of the masses of the American people. Go from house to house of the members of the so-called "best society." Examine the reading-matter you will find in these dwellings. There will be, probably, a Longfellow, a Tennyson, a Shakspeare, and, possibly, a few standard works in fine bindings, placed where they will afford the most display in the parlor. This is the style, and style is mighty and must prevail. But in how many of these houses will you find the glorious novels of Fenimore Cooper, or the almost classic productions of Washington Irving? In how many of them a copy of Percival, of Poe, of Hawthorne, Thoreau, Bulwer, Scott, Thackeray, or De Quincey? In very few, I guarantee you. What, then, will you find? In many houses, nothing at all. "Life is too short!" people exclaim; "we read the newspapers, and that's about all." In others you will find the trash of such sensational writers as Mary J. Holmes, Mrs. Southworth, Ann S. Stephens, with dozens of others which are not even so good, and always and everywhere the infamous dime novels and flashy story-papers which flood the land like a destroying curse. Very, very rarely you may stumble across a well selected library, but even then it is more than likely that its owner has bought it because it is stylish to own libraries—"gives one a look of learning, you know"—and has no knowledge of its contents.

It is necessary that the young man who has in contemplation the advisability of becoming an author, should

weigh thoroughly the condition of literary taste among the American people. If he is to adopt authorship as a means of getting a living, he must write on those subjects and in that style which will insure a customer for all he may produce. Neither Longfellow, nor Lowell, nor any other great poet, has written his poems simply for the money they would bring him. The works of Emerson were not written for the purpose of enriching their author. Prescott did not produce his great histories for the pecuniary compensation they might afford him. Poets, the world over, have either been in independent circumstances, or have relied upon other labors than the writing of poetry for their support. Mr. Emerson has never written for money, and, now, after nearly three-score years of unremitting labor and study, and after having given to the world many volumes of the choicest philosophic opinion, the revenue he receives from his books is but trifling, and sinks into insignificance when compared with that of his publishers. The historian, Prescott, was quite wealthy, and the work that he did was done purely from love of it. If authorship is taken up merely as an elegant accomplishment, well and good. But we base our argument upon the supposition that such is not the case; that the young man who adopts literature as his profession, does so with the expectation that it will afford him a livelihood. This being the case, it is an undeniable fact that he must produce such articles as the public is willing to pay for. This any intelligent young man can qualify himself to do, if he is willing to bring himself to the condition of a mere machine, which, by a changeless rotation, manufactures to order those articles for which it is constructed.

If, after taking a deliberate survey of this phase of an author's work, he is still impressed with the idea that he would like to engage in a literary calling, let him consider the fact that no college in the world can or will give him that education which will enable him to leave its walls a full-fledged author. A college education goes a great ways, but it is as if a man were to give you so many thousands of brick, and say to you: "There is the material; build me a house." Before you can fulfil his bidding, you must needs learn the mason's trade. Your college education provides you with a knowledge of language, but it does not furnish you with knowledge of what the world wants to read about. You must go out into the world to learn that, and let your progress in learning this branch of the author's art be ever so rapid, it will take you some years to acquire it thoroughly, and to learn how to utilize it to your own best advantage. You leave college with an abundant supply of brick, but before you can use your material you have many lessons to master; and these are lessons in an art for which there is no text-book extant, and which, from its very nature, can never be twice governed by the same laws and rules.

If, after carefully reviewing all this, you are still undaunted in your purpose, look at the prospects of compensation for your work. There are, in New York city, to-day, several hundred educated gentlemen, who depend upon the work of their pen for support, and who are glad to earn, by diligent labor, \$1,000 per year. Stoddard, Stedman, Aldrich, Howells, Whittier, and others of our best American authors, do not make \$5,000 a year. What merchant, who meets with even ordinary success, does not make more money than this? Bryant never received a dollar for his "Thanatopsis," and after years of labor upon his superb translations of the Iliad and the Odyssey, their publication did not yield him a sum which would aggregate him \$250 a year for his work. Dickens made more money by his public readings than he ever realized from his novels. It is true that many men receive large salaries as attaches of newspapers; but these are the exception, not the rule. I do not believe that the average pay of newspaper men in this country exceeds from \$10 to \$15 per week. I have in mind a man whose hair is turning gray, and who has passed more than 25 years in tireless literary labor, who has an acknowledged position in the literary circles of Boston, and yet who is glad of an opportunity of earning \$25 per week. What reward is this for such work?

But perhaps you are attracted by alluring dreams of fame! More than fifty years ago, Emerson wrote:

"Go, then, sad youth, and shine!

Go, sacrifice to fame!
Put love, joy, health, upon the shrine,
And life to fan the flame!
Thy hapless self to praises barter
And die, to fame an honored martyr."

Emerson has carried out the spirit of all this, and he will die, "to fame an honored martyr." But are you willing to render the tribute which fame will demand of you, and accept at the hands of the fickle goddess such favors as she is willing to bestow? You cannot all become Emersons, or Longfellows, or Irvings. Nay, very many of you, however faithfully you may toil, and however meritorious your work, will not succeed in gaining more than a passing recognition. Hawthorne, one of the most wonderful and beautiful of all romancers, was not appreciated during his lifetime, and found the problem of life a hard one; he was glad to accept an humble berth in the custom-house. Charles Lamb, one of the most delightful of all essayists, was also for years a clerk in the employ of the custom's service. John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," died in exile. Oliver Goldsmith toiled long years before the public deigned to recognize him, and after recognition came, he was perpetually in want. Whittier wrote poetry for forty years before he became famous. If, then, fame be your ambition, you must sacrifice everything else to acquire it. The examples I have cited might be multiplied almost without number, but, should you engage in authorship, your own experience will emphasize their truth.

One more dash of cold water upon your aspirations. There is no walk in life so beset with perilous temptations as that of the author or the journalist. Perhaps the greatest temptation is to drink strong liquors. Byron drank a great deal of gin, and he wrote very superior poetry. And ever since his day, hundreds of would be poets have indulged in deep and frequent potations of the same ardent fluid; and in every instance, this is the only thing in which they ever resembled Byron. It is said that liquor gives inspiration. I do not believe it; and, were there any means of proving it, I would wager a handsome sum that very little of Byron's poetry was written while he was under the direct influence of liquor. There are times, and places, and conditions, when a glass of good liquor may be beneficial to a man, or when it may promote innocent conviviality; and if liquor be taken for these purposes, well and good. But do not deceive yourself into believing that it provokes inspiration, for such, most assuredly, is not the case. Many writers, journalists especially, have carried their indulgence in liquor to such an excess that they have disgraced not only themselves, but their profession. Not long ago a prominent New York publication spoke of the daily newspaper as being produced in "an atmosphere redolent of whiskey." This called forth a just and indignant denial from the press of the entire country. That the statement is false is apparent upon the very face of it. The daily paper affords us an explicit *resumé* of the news of the whole world. The quantity of matter it presents is bewildering, and there are few who can take it all in without the aid of an experienced editor to place it before them in proper shape. There is not a trade or calling in the world in which it is so necessary for a man to be always master of himself as that of journalism. Yet it must be admitted that temptations to drink, in this profession, are many times greater than in other callings.

But drinking is not the only temptation to which the young author is subjected. He is liable to meet with offers of money, or other considerations, for the publication of articles which he knows are not true, or which are detrimental to the public welfare. He is apt, by his insight into the hollowness and sham of society, the follies and sinful indulgences of his fellows, and that levity of style in treating of all religious matters, which so strongly characterizes the publications of the present day, to have his moral sense blunted, and to become indifferent to those practices which the Church teaches are so necessary to our salvation. And this last is the most dangerous evil of all; the most dangerous, because it is the most insidious. A night's frolic with a genial company, however harmless it may be in itself, does not dispose one to the task of faithfully offering his prayers before retiring; nor does work until late hours on Saturday night incline him to a

faithful observance of his religious duties on Sunday. And the constant companionship of free-thinkers, followers of Ingersoll, and pronounced athiests, cannot be freely indulged in without serious detriment to our faith. Courageous of spirit, and blessed with abundant grace, he needs must be, who can travel the road to successful authorship, and at the end find himself possessed of true purity of heart.

Now let me offer you a few suggestions. I cannot tell you how to become authors, as I might tell you how to solve a mathematical problem. No man can do that. You must, of yourselves, work out your destiny, and as you progress in your work, you will find your questions anticipated. But I may, perhaps, throw out to you some hints, which, if followed, will not fail in producing good results. In beginning your career, remember the words of Daniel Webster: "Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have no power to make scholars." Mr. Vanderbilt's magnificent and costly collection of paintings does not give him an artist's appreciation and enjoyment of all that is artistic and beautiful, nor did the library of John Jacob Astor make him other than a penurious money-getter. To the day of his death he was an ignorant man.

Keeping always before you the fact that no one but yourself will be responsible for your success or failure in life, first, and above all things else, cultivate your powers of memory. Put them through a rigid, merciless course of training. Become thoroughly a master of that faculty, and you will find it a willing, a faithful, and an invaluable servant. It will be of use to you in a myriad ways. Useful in all walks of life, it is especially so to the author or journalist. That which to-day seems to you of little moment, and scarcely worthy your consideration, may sometime, if properly written up, be the means of putting dollars in your pocket. Anecdotes of public men, scraps of history, gossip concerning affairs of the day, all should be carefully treasured in your recollection. No man has time to write out all of interest that he hears and sees. And if he had time, the incident may pass from him before an opportunity occurs to place it in permanent form for reference. Train your memory; it will not only prove your most valuable aid, by recalling to your mind matters of importance, but will save you from many ridiculous blunders. Mr. Longfellow, in one of his volumes of "Poems of Places," relating to New England, credits as anonymous a poem entitled "Thoreau's Flute," which was written by Miss Alcott, and another, "The Old Continentals," beginning,

"In their ragged regiments'
Stood the old Continentals,

which, as every person at all conversant with American poetry knows, was written by Judge Gay Humphrey McMaster, a resident of Bath, Me. Mr. Longfellow's age, to say nothing of his exalted position, saved him from the sneers which would have greeted errors of this kind had they been made by a younger man, yet the press of the entire country was in no way backward about calling his attention to these discrepancies. But had Mr. Longfellow's memory been perfect, he would, without question, have remembered the author's names, since there is no doubt but that he has sometimes seen them in conjunction with their poems.

"How shall I improve my memory?" is a question which is frequently asked. There are various ways. Bonaparte was said to be in the habit, when he especially wished to remember anything, of jotting it down in a note book, and immediately tearing out the leaf, saying that the act of writing it on the blank leaf wrote it on the tablet of his memory also. In his case, this was an excellent way, for Napoleon never forgot. But Napoleon was an exceptional man, and adopted a peculiar method in this, as well as in many other things. One of the best ways to improve your memory is to read slowly, and with a fixed determination to remember what you read. Make a practice of reciting to others that which strikes you as worthy of being remembered; or, if you have time, write it out in your own language, from memory. Never allow yourself to get excited or worried over a failure to do all you had intended. Do not exhaust the mind by taking up to many subjects, or by studying continuously for too many hours. If possible, take a long walk every day, and rehearse aloud to yourself, whilst walking, those things which have attracted your attention during your reading.

This matter of reading is one of greatest importance, and to which the strictest attention should be paid. Never, under any circumstances, force yourself to read a subject when you do not feel interested in it. You cannot expect to recollect that in which you feel no interest. It is contrary to all the laws of nature that you should. An especially bad practice for one who wishes to cultivate his memory, is that of indulging frequently in the hasty reading of newspapers, reading here an item of news, there a humorous paragraph, yonder a bit of information, remembering nothing, and flitting from item to item as the butterfly flits from flower to flower. That which you thus read is never thought of again, and the longer you indulge in the habit of careless reading the harder it will be for you to break it. I do not say "Don't read newspapers!" that would be absurd. But in reading them, read only that in which you feel an especial interest, and then you will be more than likely to remember much, if not all, that you have read. Bulwer-Lytton has a good thing on this subject. He has said:

"Reading without purpose is sauntering, not exercise. More is gotten from one book on which the thought settles for a definite end in knowledge, than from libraries skimmed over by a wandering eye."

Bulwer is entirely correct, and says simply what multitudes of scholars have been taught by their own experience. You, who propose to embark in the uncertain career of authorship, will do well to begin the cultivation of your memory now, by remembering this fact.

Another thing which should be borne in mind is, that before undertaking to write upon any subject, you should make yourself thoroughly acquainted with it. You should know all that is in any way to be learned of it. Consider no labor or sacrifice too great, if it brings to you a morsel of information. For some years before he wrote that wonderful poem, "Lalla Rookh," Tom Moore passed his time in gathering together volumes relating to Persia. No price was too great for a volume of this kind; if he had not the money at hand, he would run in debt; or, if the bookseller would not trust him, as was sometimes the case, he would hunt up a friend and borrow the needed funds. He passed sleepless nights in studying the Persian language, and became a master of it; he read and re-read all the books relating to Persia that he could buy, borrow, beg, or obtain access to in libraries. He became so thoroughly conversant with all that was Persian that during his life he was an authority in England for all pertaining to that country. And then he went to work and wrote "Lalla Rookh." Never did a poem produce such a sensation. Critics all over Europe declared that it could not have been written by one who had not lived in Persia. Yet Tom Moore was never nearer that country than Paris. This great work of his is a sufficient refutation of the oft-repeated assertions of pretentious critics, who say that Moore's productions were all "surface work," and cost him little, if any, mental effort. It is true that Tom Moore composed rapidly. But who shall say that before sitting down to his task he did not, by careful study of his theme, qualify himself for its speedy elaboration?

Speedy writing is a thing which every author, especially if he be a journalist, must fit himself for. Otherwise, in this age of rapid transit, he will find that the demands of the public to which he caters, press upon him more rapidly than he is able to meet them. It does not follow that work must be poorly done because it is done quickly. If an author be prepared for the work of speedy composition, there is no reason why he should not do his work as thoroughly as the carpenter or blacksmith, who, being told to "hurry up," does his work in one quarter the time he would otherwise have employed. Byron wrote "The Corsair," a poem of two thousand lines, in ten days; Lope de Vega, the famous Spanish playwright, wrote three hundred dramas in one hundred days; Dryden wrote his immortal "Ode to St. Cecilia" at a single sitting. But when Byron began to write "The Corsair," he knew just what he was going to write about. He was full, even to overflowing, of his subject. Lope de Vega was thoroughly conversant with the subjects, or foundations, upon which to build his dramas, and he also knew just how to put his material together, and just how to do it in the shortest possible space of time. Dryden's whole soul was so filled with his theme that no one should consider it remarkable

that he was able to complete his "Ode to St. Cecilia" at one sitting. Let an author first provide himself with material, and then outline his work fairly, and he can soon bring himself to execute his tasks with the greatest rapidity. Do not misunderstand me. I do not advise hasty work. Better far, if opportunity is propitious, take abundant time. But, by all means, qualify yourself to work rapidly. If you adopt the world of letters as your business in life, and as the trade from which you expect to draw your livelihood, you will find that oftentimes work will seek you, which must be done speedily, or not at all. And if useful in no other way, you will find that the faculty of working quickly will be of advantage to you in enabling you to preserve in permanent form your own thoughts and ideas.

In writing, whether your effort be a newspaper article, or a pretentious volume, study brevity of style. To be brief, yet at the same time elegant, is probably the most difficult lesson which an author has to learn. But it can be learned. Verbosity is the most grievous affliction with which young authors are troubled. With many of them, it is a disease. In the writings of beginners it is invariably perceptible. It must be gotten rid of. Condense first, condense last, condense always. Yet, in the work of condensing, exercise the utmost regard for elegance of style, and for vigorous, forcible expression. Force is usually promoted by simplicity. Do not use big words. He who cultivates the poly-syllable weakens his style. Trench has given young authors a most excellent rule in this matter. He says: "When you doubt between two words, choose the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew the fine words as you would rouge; love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheeks. Act as you might be disposed to do on your estate; employ such words as have the largest families, keeping clear of foundlings and of those of which nobody can tell whence they come, unless he happens to be a scholar."

"Happens to be a scholar" is a very happy expression. The word "scholar" is one which many do not appreciate the significance of. There are few true scholars in the world. Many men, blessed with excellent understanding, superior intelligence, and even more than ordinary education, are far from being scholars. In your writing, let the remembrance of this guide you, and teach you to be simple in style. There is a grandeur in pure simplicity which never attaches to bombastic fustian; and, moreover, you should recollect that no man writes simply for the edification of scholars; and if he did he would find but a small audience.

In this connection there is an excellent letter of William Cullen Bryant, which was sent to a young man who had asked for a criticism upon an article he had written. This letter is one which every would-be author should copy, and place where it will frequently meet his eye. In it Mr. Bryant says:

"My young friend, I observe that you have used several French expressions in your letter. I think if you will study the English language that you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas that you may have. I have always found it so; and in all that I have written I do not recall an instance where I was tempted to use a foreign word but that, on searching, I have found a better one in my own language.

"Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word when a short one will do as well.

"Call a spade by its name, not a well-known oblong instrument of manual labor; let a home be a home, and not a residence; a place, not a locality, and so on of the rest. When a shorter word will do, you always lose by a long one. You lose in clearness; you lose in honest expression of meaning; and, in the estimation of all men who are capable of judging, you lose in reputation for ability.

"The only true way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a thick crust, but in the course of time truth will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of us all, but simplicity and straightforwardness are."

Another cardinal principle of true success has thus been laid down by Emerson, in language far better and more forcible than I could hope to make any words of my own:

"Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you

can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another, you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakspeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is a unique."

I wish to warn you, with all possible emphasis, against too great application to literary work. Literary composition of any kind very frequently exercises a most depressing influence upon the mind of the writer, independent of any effect it may have upon the reader. Everybody knows that writing is not a natural accomplishment; it is artificial; and it is not strange, therefore, that it should in many cases produce melancholy even by anticipation. Not long ago, a girl of twelve or thirteen, attending school in a town in Northern Illinois, became so distressed because she had to write a composition that she attempted to drown herself in a cistern, and nearly succeeded. A medical student, of Baltimore, having a thesis to prepare not long since, grew so morbid that he swallowed an ounce of laudanum, declaring he would rather die than do the hateful work. A bookbinder of Rouen, who was sent to the Paris exposition, his expenses having been paid out of a lottery fund, found on his return home that he was expected to draw up a report of what he had seen. This rendered him wretched, and though his friends tried to comfort him, and offered to do the writing for him, the thing so weighed upon his mind that he became gloomy and morose, disappeared from his home, and his body was soon discovered in the Seine.

Authors are often discontented, irritable, and sullen, when engaged in composition, and in a futile endeavor to soothe their nerves, many of them have had recourse to stimulants, and in this way completely wrecked themselves. The mere process of composition brings the nerves to the surface, excites the sensibilities, and practiced to excess, has a certain tendency to induce morbidness and mental disorder. It is this, without doubt, which has driven many to solace themselves with the pipe and cigar, which so many brain-workers indulge in that it has given rise to the oft-repeated expression, "All great men smoke." This is not strictly true, although it has a foundation in fact. English literature may be said to be surcharged with smoke. Lord Bacon eulogizes tobacco, declaring that "it comforteth the spirits, and dischargeth weariness, which it worketh partly by opening, but chiefly by the opiate virtues which concentrateth the spirits." Ben Johnson, and Drummond, and Fletcher, and Beaumont constantly renewed their friendships over a pipe. The great Dr. Barrow pronounced his pipe to be a cure-all, his panpharmakon. Sir Thomas Overbury calls smoking "that delectable pastime." Boxhore, the great Dutch scholar, smoked almost incessantly in his study. Sir Isaac Newton not only loved his pipe, but had a playful and somewhat ungallant way of using the fingers of his lady friends for stoppers. Steele wrote his splendid essays with a pipe in his mouth, and Addison sent out his brightest things from a cloud of smoke. Dryden loved his "whiff" only second to his "pinch," and Congreve was fond of soothing a long-stemmed clay—the "church warden" of the olden time. Daniel Defoe made his pipe his nearest friend. All the literary men of Queen Anne's day appear wreathed in fragrant clouds, and no period, surely, has given us a greater number of great writers.

Coming down to later times, we find the example of Sir Walter Scott, the prince of romancers, on the same side. His novels are full of tobacco. His characters are continually snuffing or smoking. Dominie Sampson heard Meg Merrilies singing on the stairs and groaned deeply, "puffing out between whiles huge volumes of tobacco smoke." He makes the old hag herself a disciple of the weed, introducing her to Harry Bertram "busily engaged with a short black tobacco pipe." In our own day Dickens and Tennyson, who stand, at least in popular estimation, as the English laureates of prose and poetry respectively, are to be set down as ardent lovers of nicotine comfort. On this side we shall not err in numbering Longfellow, Lowell, Aldrich, and Clemens, at least, as disciples of Sir Walter Raleigh.

But do not attempt to deceive yourself. Though much has been said in favor of tobacco, even more has been said against it. Pay no attention to the remark that all great men smoke. Cardinal Manning is a great man. He not only does not smoke himself, but will not permit others to do so in his house. King James I anathematized the use of the weed. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who is a physician, as well as a poet, advises all against its use. Charles A. Dana, who edited Appleton's Encyclopædia, and who is probably the most learned man in this country, does not smoke. A great poet, moved by the disgusting spectacle of a floor covered with tobacco juice, speaks of

"That juice of hell,
Which, whenever it fell,
To a cinder burned the floor."

But I shall not arrogate to myself the right to advise you in the matter; for in this, as in other things, you must judge for yourselves. I have introduced the subject as one which is of immediate interest to you. Consider well, before you take up the weed, the question, "Will it pay?" And whichever way you decide in the matter you will find great men on your side.

And now it is time to stop: as is, I believe the case with every lecturer: "I have not said all I would like to say," and I need not tell you that I have said but very little of what might be said upon my subject. In closing, I will give you a picture of a room, which if you ever visit, you will find is a faithful likeness:

THE BEST OF ALL GOOD COMPANY.

This is my attic room; the walls and floor
Are bare of all the luxuries of art,
Yet here are treasures which I value more,
And which are always dearer to my heart.
In rare confusion scattered round, on shelves,
And chairs, and filling all convenient nooks,
Are the delights of one who fondly delves
For learning in a glorious host of books.

True friends are they, whose dear love never goes,
And, holding them, why should I wish for more?
Since through their trusty channels always flows
The storied wine which thrilled the gods of yore;
And, drinking deep, in enviable dreams
I walk with them beside their mystic streams.

Art, Music and Literature.

—The ninth anniversary of the St. Cecilia Society of New Orleans was recently celebrated in that city. A grand concert was given at which Dr. Witt's "Mass of St. Raphael," and many other choice selections, were presented.

—The late Mrs. Grote, wife of the historian, was a high-spirited, hoydenish sort of girl; rode without a saddle and sailed a boat. Sydney Smith once said of them: "I do like them both so much, for he is so lady-like and she is a perfect gentleman."

—A new painting by Titian has been discovered in the Austrian Chateau d'Ambras, where it hung unnoticed for many years. It is a life-size portrait of the wife of the Emperor Charles V. There are said to be full proofs of the authenticity of the work, which has been taken to Vienna.

—The *Musical Record*, of Boston, announces that Mr. J. C. Freund has returned to New York, and it is rumored that he intends to revive the *Music Trade Review*. Yes, if he is not forestalled by the excellent *Music Trade Review* of *The American Art Journal*, which, one would suppose, leaves little to be desired.

—Miss Lily Whitaker (Alidnac), of New Orleans, has collected her metrical productions into a volume called "Donata, and Other Poems." Of the leading composition, which gives a title to the book, Bishop Elder writes: "I am satisfied that its beauties will charm its readers, and its pure and elevated sentiments will warm their hearts to a holier love of the most beautiful and the best." This high eulogy is echoed by Bishop McCloskey, Father Calmer, and other judges. The other verses are imbued with a sweet religious spirit, and while they have no claims to a high order of merit, they are the sweet and simple songs of a true and tender soul. The collection is published by Mr. John B. Piet, of Baltimore.

—A writer in the last number of the *London Notes and Queries* gives some curious facts concerning the origin of the word "snob." The word once meant "cobbler" (Home's "Every-Day Book, ii, 837). About the year 1824 it began to be used at Cambridge, Eng., to designate a townsman as opposed to a University man. In No. 6 of the *Gownsmen* (the little paper which, it will be remembered, Thackeray helped to edit at Cambridge,) the word "snob" is defined as "not a gownsmen; therefore a low, vulgar fellow." The writer in *Notes and Queries* continues as follows: "I should attribute to Thackeray's own genius the wider application of the opprobrious term, and to the popularity of his 'Snob Papers,' which appeared originally in *Punch* a dozen years or so later, the general adoption of it. It appears that in some American colleges the word was still used as lately as 1856 to designate a townsman as opposed to a student."

—"The *Musical Record* makes the following announcement of Gerster's first appearance in Boston: "On Tuesday evening Mme. Gerster made her *rentree* as *Lucia*. The audience was immense, and her reception was so hearty and prolonged as to make it almost embarrassing to the artiste. The harp obligito preceding her entrance was so well done as to elicit an *encore*. Mme. Gerster has grown somewhat stouter since her former appearance here. Her voice has gained in richness and fulness, especially in her lower register. If there is a little of the former brilliancy of her upper tones gone, it is so slight as to be scarcely perceptible. The only change to be noticed is, that she does not sing with quite that phenomenal ease which formerly distinguished her vocalization. But this is not to be wondered at. It must be attributed to the natural shortening of breath attendant upon an increase of flesh. However, it does not detract in any material degree from the excellence of her singing. Her voice is so exquisitely sweet, so pure in intonation, so flexible, so sympathetic, that the artiste easily encompasses the most exacting passages. She is not a great actress, to be sure, but her earnestness and spirit compensate for any lack of histrionic ability."

Scientific Notes.

—Only one-tenth of the human body is solid matter. A dead body weighing 120 pounds was dried in an oven until all the moisture was expelled, and its weight was reduced to 12 pounds. Egyptian mummies' bodies are thoroughly dried. They weigh usually about seven pounds.

—A paper embodying discoveries of the heretofore unknown inland breeding places and the natural history of the eel, (*Anguilla acutirostis*) read before the December meeting of the Chicago Academy of Sciences by William Hosea Ballou, of Evanston, is being extensively published in the daily and weekly press of New York State, where the discoveries were made. The habits of the eel have baffled naturalists since the time of Aristotle, who declared that they were "born of worms produced by the mud."

—The report of the Committee on Science-Teaching in Schools, read by Dr. Youmans before the American Association, arraigns the unscientific methods by which science is usually mistaught in schools. He justly claims that science, as a means of training the faculties in the various ways to which they are severally adapted, is not taught in the public schools. It is not made the means of cultivating the observing powers, or of stimulating inquiry, or of exercising the judgment in weighing evidence, or of forming original and independent habits of thought. Wide personal differences of capacity, aptitude, attainment and opportunity not only exist among children, but they are the prime data of all efficient mental cultivation. In the graded schools, just in proportion to the perfection of the mechanical arrangements, individuality disappears; and with individuality goes originality. Science, if rightly pursued, is the most valuable school of self-instruction. From the beginning, men of science have been self-dependent and self-reliant, because self-taught.

—Prof. W. C. Kerr, State Geologist of North Carolina, read an interesting paper before the American Institute of Mining Engineers on what he calls frost drift, with especial

ial reference to the gold deposits of his State. He finds a thick layer, sometimes amounting to a depth of 100 feet, covering rocks in various parts of the State, which is evidently derived from their decomposition, and which has remained nearly *in situ*. He has observed, however, that the materials of these strata are frequently sorted, the larger und composed fragments lying near the bottom of the mass; hence it is evident that they have been moved, and without regard to the direction of the inclination of the surface. He thinks that this rearrangement has been produced by the alternate freezing of the bed. The gold of the placers has, in this way, gradually found its way to the bed-rock or slate, where it is now found by the miners. Placer-mining has been practiced for many years in North Carolina, and the methods now in use in California were carried there by emigrants from the former State.

Exchanges.

—We are under obligations to some one for a set of the *The Daily Bazar*, a paper issued in the interests of the Ladies' Bazar, at the Opera House, Mishawaka, during the holidays. It is plainly to be seen that a good time was had, and we presume some people regret that the Bazar wasn't held open a week longer. We thank *The Bazar* for its compliments.

—It may not be known to many of our readers that the German Catholics have two first-class daily papers in this country, the best of them being the *Amerika*, of St. Louis, Mo., with a weekly issue, the *Wochenblatt der Amerika*. It is edited and published by the German Literary Association, and from the tone of its articles it is plainly to be seen that it has a corps of scholarly gentlemen upon its staff. Their object is, as stated in their motto, to make of the *Amerika* "A general Gazette for Truth and Right," and well do they work for this object. So able are the articles, and withal so gentlemanly in tone, that an opponent acknowledges that he likes to read the *Amerika* even when he differs with it on principle. Although published in German, the *Amerika* is, we are glad to see, American in spirit throughout—first, last, and all the time. Such a paper is an honor to its editors and publishers, and may well be held up as a model.

—Notwithstanding all the hard knocks it has received from some of the college papers, our little friend *The Archangel* still lives. It has lately donned a new dress of type, and makes a fairly creditable appearance. The matter, too, has improved. The following "Rules for Reading" are very good:

"Read much, but not too many works. For what purpose, with what intent do we read? We read, not for the sake of reading, but we read to the end that we may think. Reading is valuable only as it may supply to us the materials which the mind elaborates. As it is not the largest quantity of any kind of food taken into the stomach that conduces to health, but such quantity of such a kind as can be digested; so it is not the greatest complement of any kind of information that improves the mind, but such a quantity of such a kind as determines the intellect to most vigorous energy. The only profitable kind of reading is that in which we are compelled to think intensely; whereas the reading which serves only to dissipate and divert our thoughts, is either positively hurtful or useful only as an occasional relaxation from severe exertion. The amount of vigorous thinking usually in the inverse ratio of multifarious reading is agreeable; but as a habit it is in its way as destructive to the mental, as dram drinking is to the bodily health."

—An editorial in *The University* for December announces the retirement of the first term's editorial board. Although having issued but four numbers of the paper during their term of editorship, the retiring board have done themselves honor by their ability. Their first number was the best, we think, we have ever seen, of that paper; in fact, we thought it superior to any number of any college paper that has come to our notice. There is some talk of consolidating *The Chronicle* and *The University*. In their first number, the retiring editorial board gave an article on "The Editor," from which we clip the following paragraph:

"The world knows not the troubles of the editor. No publi-

cation ever pleases more than a very small portion of its readers. If it contains too much educational matter, it is dry; if too little, the editor is ignorant, and some better man ought to have the running of that paper. If he upholds the red-ribbon movement, he is influenced by the Temperance League; if he opposes it, it is because he likes his glass and will ruin all the young men who may choose to read his paper. If he publishes any new sensation, it is nothing but a lie; if he omits it, he is behind the times. If he inserts any original articles in his paper, they are miserable, shallow things; if he uses selections, he has no brains to write anything original; when he scatters a few jokes here and there through his columns, his subscribers say they are fifty years old; if he does not publish any, he is an old foghead; if he favors a movement, or upholds some individual, he is partial; if he criticise any person or thing, he is cranky, and bound to make enemies. If some one of the subscribers refuses to pay, and the paper comes out behind, he has robbed the treasury and is therefore denounced by every one. These are but a few of the editor's troubles, especially if he is the editor of a college paper and receives nothing for his labors excepting honor."

—*The Cornell Era* is at last received, and is brimful of brightly written and sprightly articles, editorial, local, personal, correspondence, and exchange notes. Most of the articles relate, very properly, to college work and college life, improvements, backslidings, etc., and besides the usual "Shear-Nonsensical" verses an Ultra-Pessimist contributes an allegory for grown-up children in excellent and graceful verse, but embodying what we deem a very bad moral, inasmuch as he carries his similitudes too far. "S." must not take the exception for the rule, even though the exception be a plethoric and weighty one. No, no, "S." Faith, Hope and Charity are not dead! they have not fled the earth, although modern so-called "Scientists" (save the mark) Modern Thought, and Number One, have crowded them into corners, almost out of sight. It is a pity that such beautiful versification—nay, poetic inspiration—as "S.'s" had not a brighter and holier theme. Our friend the root-digger—we are all root-diggers, you know, in more than one sense,—and, for our part, we get only the "yaller root-o'-beggars"—makes his department interesting in this issue. With regard to an item in the *Racine College Mercury*, stating that 81 young ladies adorn the freshman class of Cornell, the exchange editor says: "No, friend *Mercury*. Your editor must have been looking too long upon the baneful cup, and, thinking of 'the sweet by-and-by,' mixed the eighteens and eighty-ones before the advent of the new year. We think eighteen substantial realities, although they are but Freshmen [Freshmen—why not Freshwomen], much better than eighty-one possibilities, be they ever so rosy." So, it would seem, co-education does not gain in popularity at Cornell as time advances. Never mind; wait till the boys are permitted to enter Vassar! Then

"Milton to Stilton will give in, and Solomon to Salmon,
And Roger Bacon be a bore, and Francis Bacon gammon."

Eh, old boy! What a pity our lot wasn't cast with the next generation!

—Our old friend *The Oberlin Review* and *The Niagara Index* are having a close wordy war. For some time, long range guns were freely used on both sides, but the belligerents have gradually drawn nearer and nearer until now the small arms come into play. College editors have an occasional friendly joust, for the fun of the thing, or for the sake of some principle that may be misunderstood or misrepresented, and so long as no harsh feeling is engendered no harm can come of it; but this skirmish between the *Index* and the *Review* is a deadly one, and if the combatants are not speedily separated one or the other must suffer severe injury. We are, of course, passive spectators, and pity both parties, without being partial to either; we think they are both wrong, to a certain extent. A little liberal forbearance on either side might have enabled them to adjust their difficulties, for as long as everybody is liable to make mistakes, forbearance is necessary, and everything will come right in the end. The *Review*, editor, in his hot haste and blinded by angry feelings, has just fired one shot wide of the mark, and we would caution him to be more careful in the future or, bystanders may be forced in self-defence to become more than passive spectators. Firing a shot in the direction of the *Yale News* editor, the editor of *The Review* is charged with saying: "Let the *News* remember that by its creed, it

cannot for a nickel, obtain absolution for displaying cowardice in refusing to brand evil by its right name." We have not seen the number of the *Review* containing the remark; although generally prompt and punctual, this number has not reached us, but if it be true that such a remark was made we caution the editor to take it back and bury it in the ground, deep down too, for we give him the word of a gentleman and a friend that he is deceived, and that the assertion is a nickel-plated slander. The creed in question does not hold, and never did hold, either in theory or practice, that absolution can be given either for a nickel or for the wealth of the Indies; if the editor made the assertion he has given himself away that far, and if he attempts to hold and support it he will be guilty of a still more grievous mistake. We advise him to take it back, and to put it where others cannot be deceived by it.

—The *Sunbeam*, published at the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, Ont., is a neat and well-edited paper. It contains twelve pages, and is inclosed in a neat fawn-colored cover. "Life Aims," the leading prose essay, is not only written in excellent English, as far as we are capable of judging, but, what is better still, the philosophy and sentiment of the writer are sound to the core. Among the poetic pieces in the December number are the following pretty lines on

REMENTI'S VIOLIN.

Pretty, jewelled thing. It seemed
To flash upon us, then to turn and wait
In sympathy upon his downcast face,
Speak back again, and laugh and weep and rave
With him, as if it had an answering soul.
And as the heart deep stirred,
Turned, tremulous, to rest when silence came,
Awe seized me, and I marvelled how
The hand that fashioned it with cunning care,
In old Cremona, near two hundred years ago,
Reached deftly past the gulf of space and time,
And with the artist wrought to make this tumult in my soul.

Two of the young ladies give our old enemy *The Varsity* a coal-hauling in this number of *The Sunbeam*. Our readers may remember a reference made by us some weeks ago to the Patriarch's italicized criticism of the article "Les Circonstances de la Vie." Some of the Patriarch's blunders in criticising that article are now exposed by the *Sunbeams* and then a couple of the *Varsity*'s articles—in English—are ripped to pieces, and their shoddy English held up to view. Here are some samples:

"First of all, . . . a small matter attracted our attention in the first sentence of the article—no grammatical error, as it could be parsed correctly enough—merely a lack of euphony and elegance that rather surprised us. We will quote: 'Of all the weaknesses of human nature, there are none more subtle in their depth and far-reaching in their influence than prejudice.' On this follows a sentence that is truly 'mysteriously and wonderfully made': 'With its roots deeply laid in the springs of personal action which are original to our nature, its destruction could only be accomplished by that of native impulses.' We will not comment on this sentence; it is beyond us. Whether we start from the beginning, or from the end, or from the middle, it mystifies us in an equal degree."

"But for literary style, commend to us the article *Prejudice*, from which we also cull and italicize a choice morsel.

. . . "that 'policy,' the present lever of personal advance, the canker which consumes the fountain." [What species of canker consumes fountains?] 'or manliness because it makes him' [who?] 'false to himself, that social fungus which darkens the moral atmosphere of institutions, since it cannot but procreate a spirit of duplicity will,' [what will?] 'give way to honest convictions,' etc."

—Ah, *Varsity*! still at your scurvy tricks, we see! You knew very well, when you asserted that *The Niagara Index* took up the "cudgels" in defence of the *SCHOLASTIC*, that the *Index* editor intended to do nothing at all of the kind. For some reason unknown to us, the *Index* man seems to owe us a grudge (like yourself, O *Varsity*!) and seeks every occasion to gratify his petty spite against us. More than once we have had to take up the "cudgel," as you call it, to defend ourselves against the attacks of the *Index* man, who would perforce place the *SCHOLASTIC* upon the *Index* Expurgatorium. The *Index* man take up the "cudgels" in our defence! Oh no, Mr. *Varsity*; and well you know it! Making believe, as usual, O *Varsity*! O *Varsity*, synonymous with *perversity* (we suppose that is the way you have it at Toronto—verily, queer orthography to run to!), your second-handed eagle story will

not stand worth a cent, and well you know it. The *Index* man made a very poor attempt to give us away to you, Mr. *Varsity*, and your republishing the story instead of defending yourself against his attack speaks very ill for your courage. What construction can be put upon it but that you borrowed the *Index* man's "cudgel" to give us a thrashing? But you will not succeed, Mr. *Varsity*—not while we are awake, at least; we don't care a fig for yourself or the *Index* man, or both together. The *Index* man's eagle was no eagle at all, Mr. *Varsity*—no eagle at all, as you might have known if you had not cribbed so much in *Natural History*. Only a jet black crow, Mr. *Varsity*, and a carrion crow at that; the second-handed eagle story will not take, Mr. *Varsity*. So also with your cudgel-story, Mr. *Varsity*; it gives you away, completely. The *Index* editor clubbed you for one of your scurvy stories about himself, Mr. *Varsity*, and when you had satisfied his ire by tamely taking the thrashing, you boot-lick him, Mr. *Varsity*, and borrow his "cudgel" to thrash us, Mr. *Varsity*. Now, Mr. *Varsity*, we have wrenched the borrowed club from your hands, and you stand crestfallen before us, like a rooster fished out of a duck-pond; take back your borrowed club, Mr. *Varsity*, and if the *Index* man finds another we will thrash you both, Mr. *Varsity*. Now, *Varsity*, what a goose you have made of yourself—and a plucked goose at that! What a plight for a "Patriarch" to be in! Look at the *Sunbeam* girls laughing at you! After turning your un-English English into such ridicule last month, it is really too bad that they should catch you in this sorry plight. It is humiliating, Mr. *Varsity*; we pity you, and advise you to keep out of such disreputable scrapes for the future. We pity you, Mr. *Varsity*; you look almost as bad as that ugly figure on the stump, just behind the tomb-stone on your title-page, Mr. *Varsity*. Go home, Mr. *Varsity*, and fix yourself up, put a leech or two on that swelled eye that the *Index* man gave you, and another on that big nose, Mr. *Varsity*. And when you are allowed to associate with respectable people again, try to behave yourself like a gentleman, Mr. *Varsity*; gentlemen will not always bear with your "perversity" and bullying, Mr. *Varsity*. Good-day, Mr. *Varsity*.

College Gossip.

—Canada has forty colleges.

—The College of St. Aloysius, Waikari, New Zealand, was recently inspected by the Bishops of Auckland and Dunedin.

—The latest grievance the Harvard men have to wrestle with is the measles. Can't they petition the Faculty to remove them.—*Niagara Index*. Remove who, or what? The men or the measles?

—That must be a hungry crowd at North-Western University, Ills. They recently entered the Women's College and raided the pantry, leaving the tender maidens without anything for breakfast.—*Niagara Index*.

—The Apostolic College, Cork, Ireland, which belongs to the Society of African Missions, and which has been in existence less than two years, is already crowded with candidates for a missionary life.

—The co educational phantom is again assuming form. This time it threatens Columbia, which, it is rumored, notwithstanding the students' protests, will soon admit women. The boys should now apply for permission to Vassar.—*Index*.

—The President of Wooster University, Ohio, has posted a notice that "Hereafter no female student will be allowed to receive more than one visitor per week, and he must not stay later than nine o'clock."—*Chicago Tribune*.

—The Faculty of Kansas University had two parties in one month, and the youths under the direction of that august body fear for the future dissipation of their superiors. It is not stated what kind of parties they were.—G. Hopper, perhaps.—*Niagara Index*. Can this be called a Hopper Bitter joke, or were the parties simply hops without the bitters?

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, January 15, 1881.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the FOURTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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—On Thursday evening, Jan. 6th, the students and Faculty of the University assembled in the rotunda for the purpose of listening to a grand musical Entertainment given by the chiefs of the musical corps of the University—Bros. Basil and Leopold, C. S. C., and Profs. Paul and Bauer. The latter gentleman has not been connected with the Musical Department of the University very long; but when we say that he is in no way inferior to the other gentlemen named, we are sure that we have bestowed upon him our highest encomium; for all who are acquainted with them will admit that as thorough musicians they may have many equals, but no superiors in any of the colleges or universities of this country. And when we use the term musician in reference to these gentlemen, we do not attach to it that common signification in which the term is generally used—an individual performing on one or two instruments—but in its widest and more perfect meaning,—one skilled in music,—one who can play on every instrument, from the humble and unpretentious-looking Jew's-harp to the proud, thundering king of all instruments—the majestic organ. We say it was a grand entertainment, and we speak truly; for though we have had the pleasure of being present at scores of musical entertainments, both here at college and elsewhere, and have enjoyed them hugely, yet we remember none in which we found the music to suit our taste so well as that to which we listened on Thursday evening. As we have remarked elsewhere, the different musical instruments used on this occasion were manipulated by masters of the art; and the sweet responsive tones which they gave forth to the graceful touch of skilful hands sent a thrill of delight throughout the vast auditory. When we remark that *soirées*, at which there is always an abundance

of good music, are of frequent occurrence at the University, and that, therefore, a rich musical treat is something to which we are all accustomed, we cannot account for the rapt and unprecedented attention with which for nearly two hours the students listened to the playing of these gentlemen, other than that all felt that the music on this occasion was exceptionally good. So think we; so say all whom we have heard pass their opinion on the matter. But now let us see what we had. The programme was long, not much varied, but by no means monotonous. First came Beethoven's Quartette, Opus 16, with Prof. Bauer at the piano; Prof. Paul, 1st violin; Bro. Basil, 2d violin; and Bro. Leopold, 'cello; forming a quartette of which any University in the country might well feel proud. This Quartette from Beethoven, as anyone acquainted with the composer's works knows, is a very difficult piece of classical music—one which none but thorough musicians would attempt to handle. The piano is of course the chief and most difficult instrument in this piece of music,—the violins and 'cello being mere supports. In unison, they were a powerful combination, and produced such sweet strains that the very breath of all in the audience seemed hushed in their endeavor to drink in the delightful melody which the musicians were so happy in producing from one of Beethoven's masterpieces. The rendition of this part of the evening's programme occupied over forty-five minutes—we thought it too short. We were next entertained by a German song, *Schneider Zunft*, by Prof. Ackerman, which was well sung, and elicited hearty applause from all present; in fact, the singer was encored, and responded with another song, the air of which was a most familiar one, but the name of which we do not know. We were next favored with the "Overture to *Italiano in Algiers*" (Rossini) by a String Quartette, Master F. Bloom, of the SCHOLASTIC staff, taking part. It is a very pretty, though not a very difficult overture, and was on this occasion executed to the satisfaction of all present. We were then treated to a piano solo by Prof. Paul, who, as usual, won the applause and admiration of the audience. Then followed a *pot-pourri*, *Guillaume Tell* (Beriot), which contained several brilliant and charming passages, and with the conclusion of which the evening's Entertainment terminated.

When Very Rev. President Corby, at the end of the Entertainment, arose and said that he was delighted beyond description with the evening's music, both vocal and instrumental, we are confident that he but gave utterance to the sentiments of all who were fortunate enough to be present on the occasion. The oftener such entertainments occur, the better. They tend to exalt and cultivate the taste of those following a course of music at the University, while affording inexpressible pleasure and enjoyment to those who have neither the time nor the talent requisite to become proficient in any branch of music. Let us have these entertainments every week, or fortnight at least.

—The Christmas holidays of '80 are gone, and with them has flown rapidly by another year. The mournful melody of a thousand bells had scarce died away; the dim twilight, which foretold the abdication of 1880 from the chair of Time, in favor of 1881, had scarce settled upon us ere those bells whose voice but now was plaintive and sad suddenly rang out in accents of joy and gladness to hail

with loud, joyful and re-echoed peals the incoming monarch—1881.

Under '81's reign is the present issue of the SCHOLASTIC made. We have all returned from the happy and loved scenes of our boyhood's years, bringing with us the sweet and undying remembrances of the hallowed home-circle, feeling refreshed, invigorated, and anxious to again resume with unflinching, unintermitting and renewed ardor those studies which we laid aside for the many holiday amusements to which these joyful times gave birth. We met with many friends who, like ourselves, had in former times been students—and many of the advantages which we now possess were not theirs to enjoy. They really labored under difficulties: the different branches which now constitute a thorough education were in an imperfect state; the modern improvements which in our day so harmoniously and efficiently contribute towards making college life homelike were unknown to them and those of their times. Still, we now find them victoriously fighting life's battles—overcoming obstacles the most obstinate, and apparently insurmountable, all conceding the victor's laurels to the potent talismanic influences of Perseverance and Industry.

Success is that rich and lustrous crown in which Industry is a gem of priceless value and Beauty most resplendent. None *can*, although all may, obtain this crown without first securing its two most essential and costly gems,—Industry and Perseverance. If during the year just departed we find that we have accomplished something worthy of the efforts made and the time spent, we cannot but attribute our success to the before-mentioned talismans in the crown of Success. We have, perhaps, succeeded in our studies in a manner infinitely more satisfactory and gratifying to ourselves and other interested persons than our most ambitious anticipations of success would have allowed us to imagine. Classes which, when first begun, appeared dry and uninteresting, at length became so absorbing that the time passed in them was spent both pleasurably and profitably. For the efficient cause of all these happy results we are again forced to point to those talismans of priceless worth—Industry and Perseverance. If in endeavoring to secure, or being desirous of wearing, the crown of Success, we find our efforts in this direction unavailing; if in taking a retrospective glance at the events of the past year, we are made aware that the word *failure* has usurped that position which *success* alone should have occupied; if, in a word, we see that the past year is one to us forever lost, the absence of perseverance and industry will account for all.

It is the laudable custom of many intelligent young men to pause for a time at the beginning of each new year for the purpose of closing the accounts and balancing the books of the year gone by, to see whether they stand on the debit or credit side. Many will find by this examination that they have allowed more than one precious hour to glide by unimproved; or, if not totally thrown aside, at least not utilized or improved as they should have been. It behooves such as these, at the beginning of the present year, to determine upon a different course of action by taking a firm resolution to squander no more time uselessly, but to look upon each moment and hour in a true light, regarding them as means which, when properly disposed of, must put us in possession of that for which we are all striving—success.

Few, indeed, are they who can truthfully assert that they have wasted no time during the past year; but for such as feel that their whole time has been profitably employed, there is indeed a most potent reason why they should feel satisfied and happy at the old year's departure; they are a year nearer to the prize for which they strive and have striven, and commence the new year with well-founded hopes that its conclusion will find them filled with sentiments similar to those which actuated them at 1880's demise.

"Where there's a will," says an old and often-quoted adage, "there's a way"; in other words, having determined upon accomplishing something, we can ever find means for the successful prosecution of our plan, provided we but seek them. If it be our intention to master during the year just begun, some particular and perhaps difficult branch of study, we cannot but succeed, provided we make the best use of those means which will be placed within our reach, for this purpose alone. Hence it is that we would wish to impress upon our readers the necessity of making resolutions at the beginning of the new year, preserving them through its noonday heat, and carrying them with them in their original form until the sun, sinking below a beautiful and picturesque horizon, will again cause the twilight to fall and admonish us that another year, profitably spent, is dying away.

Let us hope that when we shall again be called upon to hail the advent of another new year, it will be with a consciousness of having unswervingly adhered to the good resolutions taken at the advent of its predecessor. Doing thus from year to year, we will be elated over the success attendant upon our efforts while at college, and which will be a harbinger of that success we will find following us through life, long after we shall have bid adieu to the classic halls of our beloved *Alma Mater*.

Personal.

- A. Frauenknecht, '75, is a brewer in Chicago.
- J. Kelly, '79, is in business at Waukesha, Wis.
- W. Rietz, '80, is in business at Manistee, Mich.
- T. Devitt, '80, is with Durand & Bro., Chicago, Ill.
- A. F. Hellebusche, '80, is residing in Cincinnati, Ohio.
- C. Clarke, '79, is in the lumber business at Chicago, Ill.
- C. Spenser, '60, is engaged in agronomy near Jackson, Mich.
- F. Pearce, '62, has an interest in a foundry at Jackson, Mich.
- W. Nelson ('75), South Bend, paid us a flying visit last week.
- G. Donnelly, '80, is in the furniture business at Chicago, Ill.
- L. Sievers, '75, is in business with his father at Chicago, Ill.
- A. Sievers, '75, is studying law with Greenebaum, in Chicago.
- F. Lynch, '80, is keeping books for his father in Circleville, Ohio.
- E. Knowles, '74, is engaged in the banking business in Colorado.
- Lawyer Hogan, '76, is in Ireland, attending the trial of the traversers.
- A. Rietz, '80, is in the lumber business with his father at Chicago, Ill.

—Fowler, Preston, and J. Morrison, '68, are doing well at St. Joseph, Mich.

—J. B. Berteling is studying in a medical college at Cincinnati, Ohio.

—F. Glade (Prep), '80, is attending school at Bryant and Stratton's, Chicago.

—W. Nicholas, '76, may be found in the Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Ill.

—D. Danehey, '80, is residing in Chicago, Ill. Dan is as flashy and jovial as ever.

—E. and H. Grambling, '78, are in the clothing business with their father at Indianapolis, Ind.

—Mr. Schneider, of Chicago, was here lately, visiting his son, Master C. Schneider, of the Prep. department.

—Eugene Sugg, '75, is keeping books for the firm of Sugg & Beirsdorf, 400 and 408 Canal St., Chicago, Ill.

—F. B. Phillips, '79, is doing well in Fort Wayne, Ind. This implies, of course, that he subscribes for the SCHOLASTIC.

—Mrs. A. Morrison, Jackson, Mich., has been visiting her son, F. Morrison, Senior department, for the past few days.

—G. Cochrane ("Geawge"), '79, is doing well in Chicago. He desires to be remembered to his many friends at Notre Dame.

—The wedding of A. Burns, '76, which took place in Chicago—where he resides—during the holidays, was a brilliant affair.

—The Messrs. Leitelt, of '75, are in business with their father at Grand Rapids, Mich., where they are, from all accounts, doing well.

—Mr. J. G. Hoffman, of Wheeling, W. Va., was here last week, visiting his two sons, one of whom is in the Prep. and the other in the Senior department.

—We clip the following from the *Waukesha Democrat*, in reference to the death of M. H. Bannon, '78: "Last Sunday, grief-stricken friends consigned Michael Bannon to the grave. Not only does Mr. Bannon lose a promising son, but Waukesha loses one of her brightest and most promising young men. Everybody will remember the deceased as one of the most talented and nobly ambitious young men of the village. At the College of Notre Dame he won for himself a high place in the estimation of teachers and students. His ambition to excel led to overwork and physical negligence. The consequence was lung disease, which always is a precursor of death. The community sympathizes with Mr. Bannon in his loss, not only for the respect he commands, but also because Waukesha can ill afford to lose her young men."

Local Items.

—"Plato" has returned.

—Moike, beware of scarfs.

—New students are daily arriving.

—Boys, brace up for the examinations.

—Georgie Schaefer is an expert at bicycling.

—Bro. John is the moderator in the Infirmary.

—Handball is a favorite game with the Minims.

—The Indianapolis boys returned last Tuesday.

—Several new arrivals in the Minim department.

—The returns are all in—and twenty new-comers.

—Tinley has returned: the mocking-bird rejoiceth.

—Excellent skating last Wednesday and Thursday.

—Beware, and prepare! The examinations are coming.

—The Boards of Examination will appear in our next. Did you see the talking-machine in the Senior refectory?

—They are coming. Who? What? The examinations.

—"Bertie" has returned; and so has our gallant "Corporal."

—The organ in Cecilia Hall is again in need of repairs. Repair it.

—"Sir:—I come next Wednesday night." He came. He's here.

—A class of Calisthenics has been started in the Junior department.

—Send the *Scholastic Annual* to your friends. It will please them.

—Master Robert Costello was *Angelorum dux* at Mass last Sunday.

—The Academia held its regular meeting last Wednesday evening.

—President Corby was in Chicago, on business, during the past week.

—The waiters in the Senior refectory took the *cake* last Saturday night.

—A reading-room is among the latest improvements at Mt. St. Vincent's.

—"Pete" has the latest in the line of scarf-pins. Examine it, gentlemen.

—Some one informs us that F. Grever is the best handballist at Notre Dame.

—The last of the Michiganders entered the College precincts Monday evening.

—Why do the Seniors resemble an ecclesiastical court? Because they have a Proctor.

—A grand new piano arrived last week, and now graces the Academy of Music.

—Please do not forget to send in your local items. These columns are open to all.

—Bro. Michael, C. S. C., has our thanks for many favors shown us during the past week.

—Prof. Ackerman caused much merriment by his comic German songs at Thursday's *soirée*.

—The "Saw-Mill" is again in full blast; but what shall we say of it when Silverman returns?

—Rev. Father L'Etourneau was celebrant at the Solemn High Mass on the Festival of the Epiphany.

—The recreation hours are spent by the Preps in playing checkers, dominoes, handball, and in bicycling.

—Prof. Lyons's *Scholastic Annual* for '81 is, in our estimation, a great improvement over that of '80.

—Twenty new-comers since Christmas; and still they come. Are there any more coming? *Wel-come*.

—To-morrow, the Feast of the Most Holy Name of Jesus, *Missa de Angelis* will be sung. Vespers, page 114 of the Vespers.

—Call at Prof. Edward's Society-room and see what a beautiful appearance it has assumed under the skilful hand of Mr. Smith.

—The Junior prefects are under obligations to Mr. C. Schaefer, of Riverdale, Illinois, for favors received during the Christmas holidays.

—Another bicycle has increased the already large number of "steel ponies" in the Prep. department. Master McKinnon is the owner.

—And now, that J. W. S. has returned, the Brass Band, which won such well-merited honors at Bertrand last fall, will resume its weekly rehearsals.

—The snow-plow was "on the go" last Saturday morning. It must have been, or it assuredly would not have failed to pay Mt. St. Vincent a visit.

—We are sure that all took many good resolutions for the New Year. Of course, all who can write have made up their mind to write for the SCHOLASTIC.

—And now the Minims rejoice and wonder. They have a beautiful Rose in their study-hall—a veritable living rose—all the way from Evansville, Ind.

—The St. Cecilians are not forgotten by their old friend, J. A. Gibbons. He sent them a letter, with the compliments of the season, during the holidays.

—Mr. Regan, C. S. C., has the thanks of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association for the four beautiful chromos which he has kindly donated to their Society-room.

—The old members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association were delighted by a visit, during the past week, from their old friend and *special artist*, A. Hatt, of Goshen, Ind.

—Messrs. Grever, Rietz, and Fleming deserve the thanks of every student for the successful efforts in removing the snow from the ice on St. Mary's Lake last Wednesday morning.

—A great improvement can be made over last Sunday's singing without being apprehensive in regard to straining voices, etc. Let all join in the singing to-morrow, and see just how well you can sing.

—Some one asks us what that large coffin-shaped box, in which the new piano arrived, is doing on the main porch of the College. Don't know. Didn't see it doing anything. Another "Medic" ruse, perhaps.

—At a special meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association, held Tuesday evening, Jan. 12th, Master Robert Costello was unanimously elected to membership. T. Van Mourick delivered a declamation.

—Masters Van Mourick and Echlin were the candle-lighters on Thursday last. They came out in cardinal red cassocks and capes, presenting a very fine appearance. Masters Guthrie and Brown were servers-in-chief.

—Our friend John says that he did not follow his vocation, or he should have joined the C. C. C. C., of Chicago, instead of coming to the University. He has such an excellent solo voice, you know, for giving himself away.

—A unanimous vote of thanks was tendered Rev. J. O'Keeffe, C. S. C., Prefect of Discipline, by the members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association for favors extended to the members at their 23d Annual Entertainment.

—Several interesting and well-contested games of handball were played on the Preps' handball alleys, Tuesday afternoon. Among those who showed exceptionally good playing on that occasion were Messrs. Woodson, Kleine, Gilbert and Browne.

—At Midnight Mass, and at Solemn High Mass on Christmas Day, a quintette, composed of Mr. Geo. Clarke, 1st E Flat Soprano; Father O'Connell, 1st E Flat Alto; Father Kirsch, Tenor; Mr. F. Devoto, B Flat Bass; Father Kollop, E Flat Bass, very sweetly played the *Adeste Fideles*.

—Master W. D. Cannon, of the Junior department, returned on the 11th inst. He brought with him a relic of the fire, in the shape of the old bell which was formerly used in calling the Preps from their recreation. It now occupies its old position and performs its accustomed function in the hands of B. Leander.

—Thursday night's *soirée* was unquestionably the best and most entertaining of the scholastic year. Four masters in the finest of the fine arts, Bros. Basil and Leopold, C. S. C., and Profs. Paul and Bauer, kept their large and appreciative audience spell-bound for fully an hour and a half, with music the choicest and sweetest.

—The Thespian Association held its 2d regular meeting Sunday, January 9th. The following young gentlemen were elected to membership: Messrs. G. Tracey, W. J. McCarthy, J. McEniry and E. McGorrisk. After a few remarks from the President concerning the selection of a suitable play for the 23d, the meeting adjourned.

—"Ye winds, be calm," the "Corporal" has returned. A severe cold which he contracted shortly after his arrival in Ohio, prevented him from delivering his promised lecture. We are happy to say, however, that he has entirely recovered from this bronchial affliction, and will soon give that course of lectures, so frequently postponed and so breathlessly awaited by an expectant public.

—We don't like sweet things; so, if you have any respect for our feelings, refrain from placing gum-drops, jaw-breakers, and other candies, in the "SCHOLASTIC BOX." These, of course, are local items, but do not admit of insertion in these columns. Some say cigars are sweet. Now we know better; and therefore ask you not to imagine that we proscribe *them*, when we say we do not like sweets."

—The 11th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society took place January 9th. Master J. L. Heffernan was unanimously elected a member. Declamations were delivered by Masters F. Wheatley, A. Brown, G. Woodson, A. Schmil, G. Haslam, M. Herrick, H. Devitt, and G. O'Kane. Master L. Gibert concluded the exercises with a well-chosen and well-delivered declamation in French.

—He opened the door cautiously, and poking his head in a suggestive sort of way, as if there was more to follow, inquired, "Is this the editorial rinktum?" "The what, my friend?" "Is this the rinktum, sinktum, sanctum, or some such place, where the editors live?" "This is the editorial-room,—yes, sir; come in." "No, I guess I won't come in. I wanted to see what a rinktum was like, that's all. Looks like our garret, only wuss. Good-day."

—The 12th regular meeting of the Philodemics took place Tuesday, January 11th. Messrs. W. Arnold and A. Zahm read essays. An impromptu debate then followed, in which the following gentlemen participated: Messrs. W. B. McGorrisk, G. Sugg and G. Tracey on the affirmative, and G. Clarke, J. McEniry and W. Arnold on the negative. After a few remarks from the President regarding the subject of debate, the meeting adjourned.

—The 15th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held Jan. 8th. E. Orrick read a well-written essay on "Solar Heat and its Relation to the Formation of Rivers." Declamations were delivered by C. Tinley, J. O'Neill and J. Guthrie. The criticism of the last meeting was then read by Master F. H. Grever. Public readers for this week are as follows: E. Fischel, F. Grever, E. Prenatt, C. McDermott, A. Bodine, G. Silverman, and E. Orrick.

—Mr. Eliot Ryder's lecture last Thursday evening, in University Hall, is given in full in our first part. It is well worth reading—it is the production of a literary genius. The lecture emphatically "speaks for itself," and we will say nothing of the pleasure which it gave, or of the applause with which it was greeted. Those who wish to form an idea of either, need simply remember the disposition of the Notre Dame students to appreciate whatever is excellent, and then peruse the lecture.

—We visited the Academy of Music last Monday morning, and found several of the boys busily engaged in manipulating pianos, violins, brass horns, guitars, etc. There were Bros. Basil, Leopold, and Prof. Paul, carefully watching the efforts of the performers; now showing this one his mistake, directing the touch of that one—in a word, leaving nothing undone to improve and advance those who are as yet but novices in the art, and encouraging and stimulating those who are already on the high road to success.

—We complimented him on his fine touch and excellent playing. He bowed his acknowledgments, and graciously added, while a happy smile lit up his countenance, that he felt much pleased to think that his piano-playing afforded us such pleasure. How chopfallen he suddenly became, however, when his Prof. entered and gave him away by scolding him for playing that same old piece over and over again, at the same time informing us that it was the only one in his repertory which he was capable of executing.

—"This world indeed quite strange is,
Each day brings forth new changes."—Tom Collins.

We were forced to quote the above poetic effusion of the renowned and brilliant Tom, who figured so prominently here a few years ago as a journalist, on being informed that our renowned "engraver" had shirked the profession in which he had already become famous, for that of a—well, we'll not mention it at present, for we're still in hopes that he may change his present determination of forsaking that calling for which nature and art have so well fitted him.

—This year of 1881 is a mathematical curiosity. From left to right and from right to left it reads the same; 18 divided by 2 gives 9 as a quotient; 81 divided by 9 gives 9; if divided by 9, the quotient contains a 9; if multiplied by 9, the product contains two 9's: 1 and 8 are 9; 8 and 1 are 9. If the 18 be placed under the 81 and added, the

sum is 90. If the figures be added thus, 1, 8, 8, 1, it will give 18. Reading from left to right is 18, and reading from right to left is 18, and 18 is two-ninths of 81. By adding, dividing and multiplying, nineteen 9's are produced, being one 9 for each year required to complete the century.—*South Bend Tribune*.

—A gentleman for whom we will be responsible promises a basket of apples to the student who will explain the following puzzle: In Robinson's Practical Arithmetic, page 112, example 3, we are told to find the least common denominator of three-fourths, one and two-thirds, one-half of four-fifths, 2, one-eighth of one-fourth of one and one-tenth. The answer in the Key is given as 120. As the denominator of the last fraction is 320, either the example is stated erroneously or there is an error in the answer. As stated in the book, the least common denominator must be 960; therefore if the answer in the Key be right, as it undoubtedly is, the error is in the statement. A basket of apples will be given the student who finds the error and gives the correct statement.

—Great was the surprise and chagrin of our friend John when, on reaching home at the beginning of the Christmas Holidays, the paterfamilias showed him the following letter, which had reached home only a few hours ahead of him, and demanded an explanation before he would allow his young hopeful to remain in his paternal mansion:

"Mr. D.:—Please return me my neck-tie, stockings, hat and collar immediately. Please do not forget to send me those five dollars which I lent you last week to get your ulster and watch from the pawn-broker. If you fail to give this your immediate attention, I shall write to your old governor and tell him all. Yours, etc., ———"

It took our friend D. a long time to convince his father that the letter, and everything connected with it, was a hoax.

—Those pursuing scientific studies are in a state of trepidation; for Mother Jordan, according to the *Scholastic Annual*, has been predicting the termination of the world sometime during the present year. Her prediction in the *Annual* runs thus:

"The world unto an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."—*M. Jordan*.

Now, Mother Jordan, you're just as mean as you can be. Why couldn't you have kept still for a few years more,—until we settle the Fishery Question with Mother England, seen the triumph of the traversers, beheld Greece put a head on Turkey, enjoyed the benefits resulting from the Civil Service Reform, or spent a couple of years under the ingoing administration. Reconsider your prophecy, Mother, and give us a few more years to live, and the Scientifics a rest—they need it. The examinations will soon take place, and oh, Mother, if you cannot possibly defer that terrible catastrophe, of which you speak, for a year or two longer, let it take place before the examinations begin.

—Christmas is the Christian's holiday, kept in commemoration of the Nativity of Christ, on which occasion Santa Claus is supposed to visit the little children with presents, and make them "merry." It comes on the 25th of December, during the time, history says, the ancient Jews gathered together in their towns and cities to be taxed, as was the case when the Child Jesus, at Bethlehem, of Juda, was born in a stable and cradled in a manger. New Year's holiday dates back of the Christian era, and was observed by the Roman emperors as a day for the exchange of royal and costly presents. Zell's Encyclopedia says that New Year's Day was supposed to be commemorative of the creation of Adam and Eve. However this may be, the *Herald* was presented with a New Year's present from Notre Dame, which would have been a credit to any royal banquet, consisting of a large pyramidal cake, dotted with the choicest confectionery and floating a tiny white banner on which was inscribed, "A Happy New Year." In the basket was also found a bottle of Bordeaux wine of 1875, and of California of 1878 and one of the celebrated wine of Chartreuse, manufactured by Carthusian monks, who alone possess the secret of its composition. The French etiquette to be observed in the disposing of this wine and cake was fully set forth on a printed slip, but as we purpose to make it conform to American fashion and do duty for a greater length of time

and less guests, we omit the description. But however highly we esteem such a present, the simple card bearing the name of Father Sorin, the honored Founder of Notre Dame and Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, is more highly prized as coming from a well-wisher and a public benefactor, whose Christian character will adorn one of the brightest pages of our local history, long after the donors and recipients of these New Year presents shall fade back—"dust to dust and ashes to ashes." The *Herald* returns the compliments of the season to the illustrious founder of Notre Dame and to his good Brothers and Sisters, the fruits of whose "labor of love" in our community will be like "bread cast upon the waters which shall be gathered after many days."—*South-Bend Herald*.

Roll of Honor.

[The following are the names of those students who during the past week have, by their exemplary conduct, given satisfaction to all the members of the Faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. C. Adams, W. Arnold, W. J. Brown, J. F. Brown, C. A. Brehmer, F. W. Bloom, T. P. Byrne, G. E. Clarke, L. F. Callagari, L. M. Clements, F. L. Dever, J. D. Delaney, D. English, B. Eaton, M. L. Falvey, J. M. Falvey, W. P. Fishburn, H. C. Gregory, F. Godfroy, G. L. Hagan, M. Healey, W. S. Huddleston, W. E. Hoffman, D. A. Harrington, W. Johnson, W. Kelly, A. Kerty, T. Kavanaugh, F. E. Kuhn, J. W. Kuhn, R. Le Bourgeois, W. B. McGorrick, E. McGorrick, W. J. McCarthy, J. A. McNamara, L. Mathers, J. A. McIntyre, J. A. Marlett, J. J. McErlain, J. J. Malone, F. M. Morrison, M. J. McEniry, J. C. Newman, H. H. Noble, F. M. Bell, H. O'Donnell, J. O'Reilly, E. A. Otis, J. N. Osher, R. E. O'Conner, E. Piper, A. Pim-y-o-tah-mah, L. M. Proctor, B. H. Pollock, D. R. Phelps, W. B. Ratterman, J. M. Ryan, F. J. Rettig, J. I. Redmond, D. Ryan, J. Solon, F. C. Smith, J. L. Smith, W. Schoelfield, R. Seeberger, A. Thornton, H. A. Steis, P. D. Stretch, E. G. Sugg, G. Sugg, H. C. Simms, C. H. Thiele, E. G. Taggart, S. P. Terry, G. S. Tracey, C. Van Dusen, A. Weisheart, W. R. Young, A. Zahm, J. B. Zettler, T. J. Weisheart, F. Ward.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. A. Brown, J. H. Bennett, F. A. Boone, J. M. Boose, M. G. Butler, Alfred Bodine, W. H. Barron, Moses Block, G. C. Castanedo, A. M. Coghlin, J. M. Courtney, Eugene Cullinane, H. P. Dunn, W. S. Cleary, A. C. Dick, G. W. De Haven, J. W. Devitt, H. F. Devitt, N. H. Ewing, J. H. Fendrick, R. E. Fleming, Ed Fischel, T. L. Flormann, J. Friedman, J. J. Gordon, L. P. Gibert, J. W. Guthrie, F. H. Grever, W. W. Gray, E. J. Gallagher, E. H. Gaines, P. J. Hoffman, F. J. Hurley, J. M. Heffernan, J. L. Heffernan, G. J. Haslam, T. D. Healey, W. N. Halthusen, F. R. Johnson, A. T. Jackson, P. A. Joyce, F. H. Kengel, F. A. Kleine, J. M. Kelly, C. C. Kollars, J. T. Maher, Frank McPhillips, P. McClarnon, J. L. Morgan, C. J. McDermott, C. M. Murdock, S. T. Murdock, C. A. Moss, A. S. Manning, H. W. Morse, M. A. McNulty, N. J. Nelson, E. C. Orrick, G. F. O'Kane, J. P. O'Neill, L. L. O'Donnell, C. F. Perry, F. J. Prenatt, D. G. Paul, H. L. Rose, C. F. Rose, C. F. Rietz, Joe Ruppe, G. W. Silverman, D. C. Smith, A. C. Schmil, Geo. Schaeffer, J. M. Scanlan, G. A. Truschel, C. A. Tinley, F. W. Wheatley, Guy Woodson, J. W. Whelan, Thos. Williams, B. A. Zekind, F. J. Woerber.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

C. E. Droste, C. C. Echlin, W. T. Berthelet, J. L. Rose, W. Rea, J. A. Kelly, D. G. Taylor, F. M. Moroney, W. Taylor, J. Moroney, J. C. Haslam, R. Costello, T. McGrath, E. A. Howard, J. A. Frain, A. G. Molander, W. F. Hanavin, W. M. Olds, J. S. Courtney, H. Metz, J. E. Chaves, M. E. Devitt, C. Metz, H. J. Ackerman, J. McGrath, D. L. McCawley, J. H. Dwenger, W. J. Miller, J. W. Kent, E. McGrath, E. B. Baggard.

Twelfth-Night Cake at St. Mary's Academy.

[From the *South-Bend Tribune*.]

One of the great halls at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, was ablaze of brilliancy yesterday afternoon. The light of day was shut out by heavy curtains hung at the numerous windows. These were almost hidden from the sight by silken banners that swayed in front of each window. Other banners, smaller in size and apparently numberless, were so artistically arranged about the several columns in the hall as to completely conceal them. These banners and bannerets were nearly all white, with golden borders, and each one bore an appropriate motto or em

blem. The cornices around the hall were trimmed with ropes of evergreens. Near the centre of the hall, in front of a magnificent arch of blue drapery and white festooning was the round table supporting the Twelfth Night Cake. Down either side of the hall were two long tables groaning under their weight of viands. On either side of these were seated the Minims, Juniors and old students who remained at St. Mary's during the holiday vacation. At the rear end of the hall were seated many of the Sisters of the Institution, and in front, facing the whole scene, were Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General, Very Rev. Father Corby, President of Notre Dame University, Ex-Mayor Miller, Judge Turner, P. O'Brien, John Treanor, and a number of other invited guests from the city, with their wives; also, guests from Notre Dame. From the ceiling depended chandeliers and on the long tables were candletra and lamps, which threw a flood of light over a scene of merry-making that will not soon be forgotten by spectators or participants; certainly not by the students, for whose delectation these holiday recreations were authorized by Mother Angela, Mother Annunciata and others. Shortly after 2 o'clock the bells on Santa Claus's reindeer were heard jingling in the distance, and soon that personage appeared to the spectators' vision, not in the shape, though, of the venerable, long-bearded, rotund old fellow of the legendary lore of childhood, but a handsome, vivacious young Miss of 14, who could not conceal her youth by any art of arctic garments. She led the reindeer, "Vixen," who, as the Superior-General wittily said, was made of two *dears*. All agreed that these two Misses acted their trying part well, as did the Santa Claus—Miss Celestine Lemontey. Halting her (his, the reporter will say,) reindeer in front of the Twelfth-Night Cake table, which was brilliantly lighted by a candlebrum, Santa Claus bowed to the reverend Fathers, guests and students, and referred to his other two visits to St. Mary's—one on Christmas Day, when he presided over a grand tree for the Juniors, and another, when on New Year's Day he had a still grander tree for the Minims. He supposed that ended his mission, and that his year's work was done at St. Mary's and was well on his way to the North pole. At the last station, this side of the Arctic region, while "Vixen" was taking a comfortable lunch of icicles, Santa Claus picked up a book, called the History of St. Joseph County, and, turning over its pages, was greatly disappointed at not finding the slightest allusion to a national calamity—the freezing to death of Santa Claus on the banks of the St. Joseph River and his subsequent resuscitation. Disgusted at this, he resolved on extreme measures, put the book in his pocket and telephoned to the north pole: "I am delayed. Fearful work to be done. Yours Truly, Santa Claus." He then tied himself to St. Mary's and was now here to prove that he was the true Santa Claus and in proof of it had telephoned to the north pole for gifts from his ever-blooming Christmas tree for those now present who were absent from the Minims' tree. Santa Claus then stepped to the table and handed one of his pages a handsome royal octavo Bible and holder for Father Sorin; next came statuaries for Father Corby, and the other guests most beautifully-painted plagues, panels, plates, cups and saucers. The guests, one and all, were most agreeably surprised over the presents, which were doubly valuable from the fact that the painting was done by the students of St. Mary's and from designs on St. Mary's grounds. A handsome panel of autumn leaves for Judge Stanfield, for instance, was painted from leaves gathered along St. Mary's road-way; the roses and other flowers on the China plates were copied from the growth in St. Mary's flower garden, and were so true to nature as to excite the warmest expression of admiration. After disposing of the gifts, Santa Claus referred to his death by freezing, between St. Mary's and South Bend, just after leaving Notre Dame, where he had deposited some switches for the Rev. President to hold in reserve for the sake of good discipline, and how he wrote his will by the light of the moon, giving his furs and office to the Very Rev. Father General. Afterwards he was resuscitated by some good Samaritan, and his coming to life was celebrated in an oratoria printed at the North pole, from which a few selections would be sung. These selections were sung with great *éclat* by the students and was loudly applauded. Santa Claus then remarked that he felt better after hearing his

own grand oratorio, and did not feel so bad, after all, for being left out of the history of St. Joseph County, as he belonged to another world. He might have said there were many omissions in the book so far as this County is concerned, and a very serious one concerning St. Mary's; that history, in speaking of the soldiers and chaplains who went from this County to the battle-field, makes no mention of the services of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. In September, 1861, at the request of General Lew-Wallace, St. Mary's sent out six Sisters to the relief of the suffering soldiers at the camp in Paducah. Before the opening of the year 1862, seventy-five Sisters were sent from St. Mary's and her branch houses, to the military hospitals at Louisville, Paducah, Cairo, Mound City, Memphis and Washington City. Of this number, two died from fever, caught in the discharge of their duties. When the western flotilla of gunboats opened the Mississippi river, Commodore Davis asked and obtained the services of seven Sisters of the Holy Cross, from St. Mary's, to take charge of the floating hospital, in which hundreds of lives from Vicksburg to New Orleans were saved. These deeds were not done for the world's praise; they were the duties to which the lives of the Sisters of the Holy Cross are devoted, whenever suffering humanity requires their help. A memorial of these days now rests in St. Mary's grounds, namely, two immense shattered cannons, captured at Island No. 10, and given to the Sisters of the Holy Cross by the commander of the Flotilla. These cannons are destined to be moulded into a statue of "Our Lady of Peace" and will remain in St. Mary's grounds as an historical monument of those dark days of our Civil war. Mother Angela then requested Mr. H. S. Stanfield and Mrs. A. B. Miller to cut the Twelfth-Night Cake. It was a large affair and was flanked by others of lesser size. It was soon divided into generous slices, which were distributed among the guests by a bevy of girls, who soon let it be known that somewhere in the cake was a bean, and whoever got it was to be crowned queen or king as it happened to be a lady or gentleman guest. Miss Maude Purdey, a handsome and accomplished young lady from Boston, was the fortunate finder, and she was ushered in front of the Father General and crowned with a wreath of orange blossoms. A lunch in the refectory followed; then the gents strayed through the building at leisure, inspected the library with its thousands of volumes, its wealth of specimens gathered from almost every part of the world, the Art Studio, with its rich treasures, and then adjourned to the Music Hall, where they were entertained with choice selections rendered by the students and their accomplished leader. At 5 o'clock the guests departed, and thus ended the "cutting of the Twelfth-Night Cake," a ceremony of Epiphany in honor of the finding of Our Saviour by the wise men who were "guided by the star of Bethlehem to the lonely manger where He lay."

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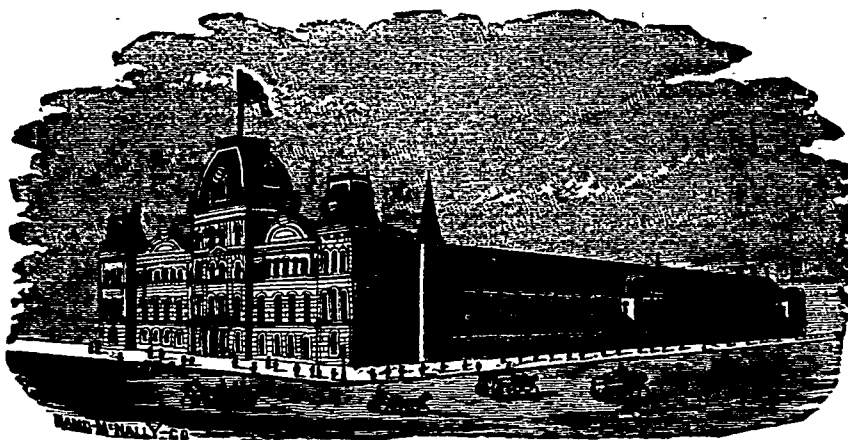
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On and after Sunday, Nov. 14, 1880, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2.25 a. m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo 9.50 a. m.; Cleveland 2.30 p. m.; Buffalo, 8.50 p. m.
11.05 a. m., Mail over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 5.25 p. m.; Cleveland 10.10 p. m.; Buffalo, 4 a. m.
9.12 p. m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2.40 a. m.; Cleveland, 7.05 a. m.; Buffalo, 1.10 p. m.
12.16 p. m., Special New York Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 5.40 p. m., Cleveland, 10.10 p. m.; Buffalo, 4 a. m.
6.21 p. m., Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo 10.35 p. m.; Cleveland, 1.45 a. m.; Buffalo, 7.25 a. m.

GOING WEST.

2.43 a. m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3.35 a. m., Chicago 6 a. m.
5.05 a. m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5.50 a. m., Chicago 8.20 a. m.
0.73 a. m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9.05 a. m.; Chesterton, 9.47 a. m.; Chicago, 11.30 a. m.
1.16 p. m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.12 p. m.; Chesterton, 2.52 p. m.; Chicago, 4.40 p. m.
4.50 p. m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.38; Chesterton, 6.15 p. m.; Chicago, 8 p. m.

WESTERN DIVISION TIME TABLE.

	2	4	6	8	20
EASTWARD.	MAIL.	Special N. Y. Express.	Atlantic Express.	Chicago and St. Louis Express.	Limited Express.
Chicago.....Leave	7 35 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	5 15 p.m.	10 20 p.m.	3 30 p.m.
Grand Crossing....."	8 09 "	9 31 "	5 50 "	10 56 "
Miller's....."	9 10 "	12 05 a.m.
Chesterton....."	9 32 "	12 32 "
Otis....."	9 47 "	11 02 "	7 32 "	12 52 "
Laporte.....Arrive	10 06 "	11 20 "
Laporte.....Leave	10 08 "	11 22 "	8 20 "	1 20 "	5 38 "
South Bend....."	11 05 "	12 16 p.m.	9 12 "	2 25 "	6 21 "
Mishawaka....."	11 15 "	9 20 "	2 35 "
Elkhart.....Arrive	11 40 "	12 50 "	9 45 "	3 00 a.m.	6 45 "
Toledo....."	5 25 p.m.	9 50 "	10 50 "
Cleveland....."	4 50 "	10 35 "	7 30 "	2 55 p.m.	2 00 a.m.
Buffalo....."	10 10 a.m.	4 10 a.m.	1 25 p.m.	8 15 "	7 40 "
New York....."	7 00 p.m.	6 45 a.m.	10 30 a.m.	10 10 p.m.
Boston....."	9 45 "	9 20 "	2 40 p.m.

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	Leave.	Arrive.
Ottawa & Streator Passenger.....	* 7:25 a.m.	* 7:30 p.m.
Nebraska and Kansas Express.....	* 9:30 a.m.	* 4:05 p.m.
Rockford and Freeport Express.....	* 10:00 a.m.	* 3:20 p.m.
Dubuque and Sioux City Express.....	* 10:00 a.m.	* 3:20 p.m.
Pacific Fast Express.....	* 10:30 a.m.	* 3:40 p.m.
Kansas and Colorado Express.....	* 10:30 a.m.	* 3:40 p.m.
Downer's Grove Accommodation.....	* 8:25 a.m.	* 1:35 p.m.
Aurora Passenger.....	* 3:15 p.m.	* 7:55 a.m.
Mendota and Ottawa Express.....	* 4:35 p.m.	* 10:40 a.m.
Aurora Passenger.....	* 5:30 p.m.	* 8:55 a.m.
Downer's Grove Accommodation.....	* 6:15 p.m.	* 7:15 a.m.
Freeport and Dubuque Express.....	* 9:30 p.m.	* 6:35 a.m.
Pacific Night Express for Omaha.....	† 9:05 p.m.	† 6:55 a.m.
Texas Fast Express.....	* 9:05 p.m.	† 6:55 a.m.
Kansas City and St Joe Express.....	† 9:05 p.m.	† 6:55 a.m.

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FROM NORTH AND SOUTHWEST.

GOING WEST.

	No. 1 Fast Ex.	No. 7 Pac Ex.	No. 3, Night Ex	No. 5, Limit Ex
Pittsburg,..... LEAVE	12.05 A.M.	9 15 A.M.	1.50 P.M.	7.30 P.M.
Rochester,.....	1.15 "	10.10 "	2.55 "
Alliance,.....	3.30 "	1.20 P.M.	5.35 "	10.25 P.M.
Orrville,.....	5.00 "	3.18 "	7.13 "
Mansfield,.....	6.55 "	5.40 "	9.20 "
Crestline,..... ARRIVE	7.25 "	6.15 "	9.45 "	1.40 A.M.
Crestlin..... LEAVE	7.50 A.M.	6.35 P.M.	9.55 P.M.	1.45 A.M.
Forest,.....	9.25 "	8.18 "	11.28 "
Lima,.....	10.40 "	9.30 "	12.32 A.M.
Ft. Wayne,.....	1.15 P.M.	12.08 A.M.	2.40 "	5.35 "
Plymouth,.....	3.46 "	2.50 "	4.55 "	7.16 "
Chicago,..... ARRIVE	7.00 "	6.00 "	8.00 "	9.40 "

GOING EAST.

	No. 8, Fast Line	No. 2, Morn. Ex.	No. 4, Atlan. Ex.	No. 6, N. Y. Ex.
Chicago..... LEAVE	9 40 P.M.	8.30 A.M.	5.15 P.M.	3.30 P.M.
Plymouth,.....	2.50 A.M.	11 53 "	9 25 "
Ft. Wayne,.....	6.55 "	2.35 P.M.	12 15 A.M.	8.35 P.M.
Lima,.....	8.55 "	4.36 "	2.38 "
Forest,.....	10.08 "	5.43 "	3.55 "
Crestline,..... ARRIVE	11.45 "	7.10 "	5.30 "	12.35 A.M.
Crestline,..... LEAVE	12.05 P.M.	7.30 P.M.	6.40 A.M.	12.40 A.M.
Mansfield,.....	12.35 "	8.03 "	7.20 "	1.15 "
Orrville,.....	2.26 "	10.06 "	9.23 "	2.57 "
Alliance,.....	4.00 "	11.45 "	11.25 "	4.25 "
Rochester,.....	6.23 "	2.04 A.M.	2.10 "
Pittsburgh,.... ARRIVE	7.30 "	3.15 "	3.15 P.M.	7.30 A.M.

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Time Table—Nov. 16, 1879.

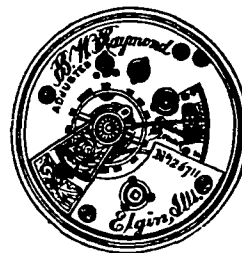
	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Kal. Accom.	†Atlantic Express.	†Night Express.
Lv. Chicago - - -	7 00 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	4 00 p.m.	5 15 p.m.	9 10 p.m.
" Mich. City - -	9 25 "	11 13 "	6 35 "	7 40 "	11 30 "
" Niles - - - - -	10 45 "	12 15 p.m.	8 05 "	9 00 "	12 48 a.m.
" Kalamazoo - -	12 33 p.m.	1 40 "	9 50 "	10 28 "	2 28 "
" Jackson - - -	3 45 "	4 05 "		12 50 a.m.	5 00 "
Ar. Detroit - - -	6 48 "	6 30 "		3 35 "	8 00 "

	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Jackson Express.	†Pacific Express	†Even'g Express.
Lv. Detroit - - -	7 00 a.m.	9 35 a.m.	5 55 p.m.	9 50 p.m.	8 10 p.m.
" Jackson - - -	10 20 "	12 15 p.m.		12 45 a.m.	1 15 "
" Kalamazoo - -	1 15 p.m.	2 37 "	4 50 a.m.	2 43 "	1 38 a.m.
" Niles - - - - -	3 05 "	4 07 "	6 50 "	4 15 "	3 30 "
" Mich. City - -	4 30 "	5 20 "	8 08 "	5 30 "	4 55 "
Ar. Chicago - - -	6 50 "	7 40 "	10 35 "	8 00 "	7 30 "

Niles and South Bend Division.

*GOING NORTH.			*GOING SOUTH.		
Lv. So. Bend—	8 45 a.m.	6 30 p.m.	Lv. Niles—	7 05 a.m.	4 15 p.m.
" N. Dame—	8 52 "	6 38 "	" N. Dame—	7 40 "	4 48 "
Ar. Niles—	9 25 "	7 15 "	Ar. So. Bend—	7 45 "	4 55 "

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